

In these day of Bonapartist Literature the story of one whose early life was embittered by the movements and influence of that man may not be uninteresting.

In the Historic Town of Duxbury, under the shadow of the recently completed monument to the memory of Myles Standish, resides an octogenarian who has in his possession a relic of Waterloo. He has also fragments of a history which was begun when Napoleon's star was first glimmering through the mists of youth and insatiable ambition, and which was well matured when the star in all its brilliancy finally set at Waterloo.

The relic is a Sword, worn and eventually lowered before the enemy at Waterloo by his father, Lieut. Louis Bailly; the fragments of history belong to the same man, whose life in a peculiar and astonishing degree, was shadowed and entangled from the first almost to the last by the life and deeds of the First Consul.

Louis Bailly was two years old when he left his native town, Nantes, in 1791, only two years before it was beseiged by the Vendean Army. His parents were with him and they went away in a vessel which was lying in the Loire. His entrance to the friendly vessel was made in a bag, much the same as that of a young pig might have been made. It was not dignified, but it was safe, for those were beginning to be troublesome times in France and Louis' father could afford to take no risks.

He was of noble family and at the commencement of the French Revolution noblemen were not looked upon with favor. He had converted all the property possible into ready money, had thrown his patriotism to the winds, caring more for the safety and comfort of his wife and child and had determined upon settling in the West Indies. But there was necessarily much property left behind which could not then be readily realized upon, and this was put nominally in charge of a steward, whom Mons. Bailly had reason to believe would prove faithful to his trust, and who promised that as quickly as it could be disposed of ot advantage the proceeds would be forwarded. The times were too uncertain for investment, and a fran looked as big as a Louis D'or.

This, with almost the first appearance of Napoleon in public, when he was struggling to find resting places for the members of his family at the expense of France. Louis Bailly's father was seeking to find a resting place for his family, but at his own expense.

His destination was Haiti, where, upon arrival, he invested his capital in a sugar plantation and for a number of years lived in peace and comfort, although the times there were not of the most settled nature. The first rising of the natives on that island of which there appears to be any record was made in 1790, and things had but just quieted down when Mons. Bailly made his appearance on the scene.

When Louis was about twelve years old his father took him to New Orleans with him, his purpose being to purchase some needed machinery and to seek out some friends, who like him, refugees; and it was at this time the evil star of Napoleon was once again on view, for it was in 1801 that, desiring to restore slavery on the island, Napoleon sent General LeClerc with a force to accomplish the object.

notwithstanding the treaty of peace which then existed.

Toussaint was treacherously seized, carried to France and eventually died there. During the trouble which followed the attempt of Napoleon, all of the worst passions of the negroes were aroused and Madame Bailly was one of the victims.

The news of her terrible death came to her husband at New Orleans, weeks after it occurred and so severed and unexpected was the shock that in a short time he died.

Louis was thus left alone at a time when he needed his parents most, in a strange land, but happily among a people warm hearted and sympathetic and speaking his own language.

It having been learned that his father's property in Haiti had been destroyed, Louis at the age of thirteen, upon the advice of friends, determined to go to France for the purpose of seeking relatives and making an attempt to recover some of the property that his father had left behind, and of which no tidings had ever been received.

He arrived in France in the early part of 1804, about the time when all Europe was horrified at the cruel fate of the Duke D'Engheim, who, having been captured on the neutral territory of Baden, had been ordered shot by Napoleon.

Louis busied himself the best he could, looking up the interests which were all he had in life, orphaned and alone as he was. But his extreme youth, the great changes which had been wrought in France during the years which had elapsed since the time he was taken away and the impossibility of finding any traces of relatives or persons who had known his father possessing influence enough to aid him, left the venturesome lad in sad straits.

It was little to be wondered at then, that in the latter part of the following year, when hope of obtaining any of the property which his father had left behind him had been reluctantly abandoned, Louis found himself a conscript in the French Army.

After Napoleon had been created King of Italy, over the kingdom he had just created, Russia, Austria, Sweden and England cut out work for him. The new war was opened by the surrender of General Mock and twenty-three thousand men of the Austrian Army.

This was about the time that Louis thought to come back to America, but more men were needed to fill the ranks which had been sadly decimated on various bloody battlefields and Louis was one of the lot.

For seven long and dreary years he followed the banners of Napoleon. When Prussia had declared war on France and Napoleon annihilated her main army at Jena, Oct. 4th, 1804, Louis was there a conscript. He entered Berlin with the army on the 28th of that month, while yet a mere boy. He was in the ranks when the Prussians advanced on Vistula; and he entered Warsaw with the Victorious Army.

He saw the meeting of Napoleon and Alexander the First on the raft in the center of the River Wiener, and was spared to participate in the Spanish campaign. He was present at the Battle of Corunna, where Sir John Moore was killed, and was still under arms when Napoleon divorced Marie Louise of Austr:

In 1811, his time having expired, he was allowed to leave the army and as quickly as possible returned to America.

He landed at Charleston, almost penniless, for the wages of a soldier were not princely, and set about trying to get work.

The first thing he succeeded in doing to his own satisfaction was falling in love with the daughter of a rich planter living in the neighborhood. The stern father objected to the affair and the result was an elopement, and after all, a warm welcome home from the forgiving father.

At the end of six months of married life, Louis, understanding the need of something more substantial upon which to live than love, and not being weak enough to desire to live upon his father-in-law forever, determined to go back to France and make another attempt to regain some of his father's property. Accordingly, in 1813, he sailed away again, leaving his young wife hopeful, but sad.

He arrived in France shortly after the French had been driven out of Victoria (June 21, 1813) and beyond the Pyrenees. This, so closely following upon Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign, caused apprehension in the mind of Louis, but the Elba incident soon occurred and his evil genius was out of the way for a time, and there promised to be a cessation of hostilities.

This time he had better luck and he labored hard and long to some purpose. On February 25, 1815, he was at Cannes, his work almost done, the fruits of his search near at hand, when Napoleon and a regiment of his old guard landed after the escape from Elba.

The coming of Ney and other officers to join his standard and the wild enthusiasm of the people caught Louis at a time of joy and triumph, when he became enthusiastic himself. The personal magnetism of Napoleon his men had always found irresistible, and Louis, despite his past experiences and despite the ties which bound him to America, entered Paris shortly after with the triumphal procession.

He knew nothing of the causes which led up to his mother's death, and he was of a temperament which would have caused him to loathe Napoleon had he understood that, indirectly, he was undoubtedly the remote agent which had deprived him so early of a mother; as it was, however, the mercurial Frenchman, who had passed so many years under the leadership of the "Little Corporal" saw only the bright side of the shield and quickly caught upon the waves of enthusiasm and blindly followed in the trail of the doomed man.

He saw Louis XVIII driven from his throne, fortunately without bloodshed, five days later, and almost before he realized it, he was swinging a lieutenant's sword in the new army of conquest or defence, whichever it might be.

The Congress at Vienna, then in session, immediately ordered the allied force to march upon the French frontier. But Napoleon was not anxious to fight them. He was not ready. Like Jeff Davis, later on, all he wanted was to be left alone. Still, he was compelled to show his hand, was forced into conflict, and with 200,000 men he sailed forth to battle with double that number.

Louis was one of the force which caused the defeat of Blucher at Ligny, the same Blucher whose coming was so anxiously watched for at Waterloo. A little later on, he was at Waterloo when the final crash came and Napoleon got his first papers for St. Helena.

Once again he set out for America, his anxiety for his loved ones at "Home" outweighing his interests, whatever they might amount to, in France.

All he brought to America after all on this third trip, was good health, his sword and an old violin with which he had cheered himself on many a lonely occasion.

His wife was easily found, the old life taken up again; but in a short time he moved to Philadelphia, then to Cambridge, and finally settled in Duxbury. Here his wife died in 1826, but not until 1864 did the man who had followed Napoleon, pass away.

His early life was passed amid turmoil and strife. He had passed through scenes of horror and carnage, escaped unhurt and his later years were happily full of peace and joy in comparison.

March 9, 1895.

Old Colony Memorial.